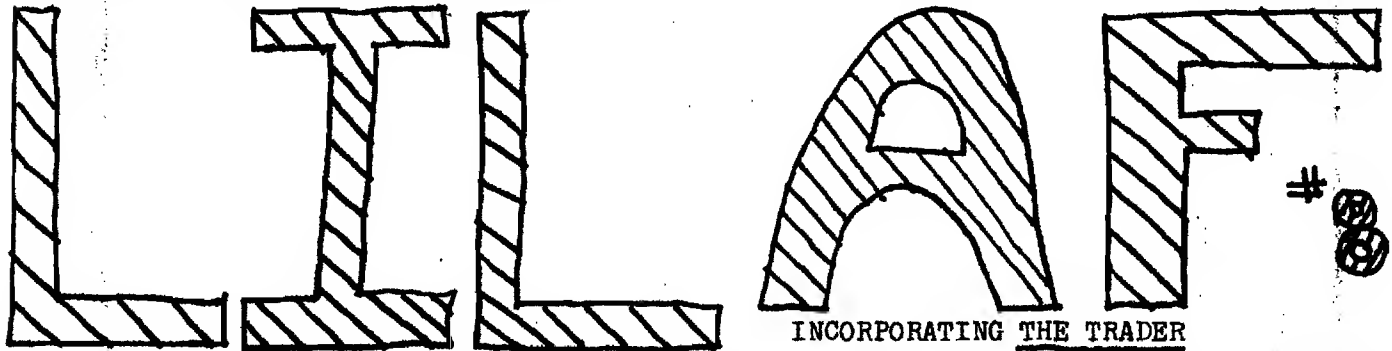


In a jungle wilderness where the silence is punctuated by the cries of wild beasts, a group of vaguely human beings cluster around a fire, huddling away from the dangers concealed in the darkness of the night. Those closest to the fire are the most firm, the ablest, those destined to survive; all except one. One is old, with frail limbs and a thinner belly than most of those around the fire. This one is the Storyteller. This is what makes the difference between the beasts and those who may one day become human. This is the inkling that will lead the race on to its destiny in the stars.

The gathering silences. The Storyteller is about to begin. It is a song more than a story, an epic of survival among the dangers of the wild, the elemental struggle for existence. The audience is brought to deep expressions of emotion: beatings of chests, weeping, tearing of hair. The story being told is



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The Free City of New York

Lilaf is a fanzine featuring science-fiction, wargaming, the intimate details of the editor's personal life, and whatever else he wishes to put in. Letters of comment (or just plain letters) are encouraged, and anything the editor chooses to print is rewarded at the rate of one dollar in sub-credit per printed page. Contributions are encouraged at this rate. Subscriptions are eight issues for two dollars. Back issues are available at 25¢ each or five for one dollar. Copies of issues 1, 2, 5, and 6 are available, as well as double issue 3/4. Available for an SASE are a sample copy of Lilaf, and a copy of my house rules for the game of Diplomacy (R).

There are openings in Diplomacy, which is a trademark of the Avalon Hill Company, at a cost of no (zero) dollars. Games are free, which is compared to John Boardman's Graustark where the gamefee is in excess of ten dollars. I have one person signed up for a game. Hey, you, out there! You're not going to get it any cheaper!

There are also openings in Conquistador, which is a trademark of Simulations Publications Incorporated, 44 East 23rd Street, NYC, 10010 which is \$8 in a zip-lock bag. I have no one signed up for it at this time.

There are also openings in The Trader variant, which is, for better or worse, open only to traders. No gamefee. The rules were printed in number 1. The Trader was designed by Matt Diller.

There are finally openings in a postal En Garde to be gamesmastered by Edward Lay. En Garde is the trademark of Game Designers' Workshop.

I am the teller for this year's Diplomacy Silliness Awards (nee the Geringnami Awards). Please send in any nominations you have in the fields of exceptional silliness in the postal Diplomacy hobby. I did not make up a ballot, and would like some suggestions for categories of the awards. Possible categories are: Silliest Regular Game, Silliest Variant Game, Silliest Player, Publisher, Press-writer. Zine. Write me!

Spring!

It's a beautiful day.

It's also Spring.

In Central Park, in which I am sitting, there are bike-riders, dog-walkers, lots of runners, and some jus' plain folks.

In the Great Lawn six softball games unfold their miniature epics simultaneously.

Ah, a spring day.

A man in a rust-colored weatshirt with "WILLIAMS" emblazoned across it, and wearing white tennis shorts walks around with a woman in a grey sweatsuit, her hair in a ponytail. He bends over and she delivers several swift, soft karate chops (a "karate chop" is more properly called a shuto (the term hatchet fist comes to mind also)) to his back.

Do you realize "OM" spelled backwards and upside down is "WO?" Wow.

There are lots of people just walking.

It's a day like today, with amny people off after three, or on holiday, that is most pleasent in the Park. Good Friday, in part, is the way it is because some people are out and others are still at work. On a weekday the park is very quiet, with only scattered pedestrians out, and on a weekend the park teems.

Let's hear it for baby carriages.

(Cut from figure sitting on bench to same figure, now riding a bicycle. The camera is tracking him, from behind and to the right.)

I close my notebook and set forth. On my steel and rubber Loshad I ride into the sunset (well, not really, I just ride in the direction of the sunset) searching for the perfect blueberry muffin.

"Blueberries or bust!" I don't scream.

Out of the park, I wait for the light to change; when it does, I voyage westward, until I reach Columbus Avenue, one block away. Damn! I am forced to the wrong side of the street by the flow of automobiles. I pedal southward now, searching, searching. At 79th, I am almost cut off by a bus, and my own stupidity which tells me to slow down and manuver when I should speed up and manuver. (Would it have improved things for me to have typed "decelerate and manuver when I should accelerate and manuver"?) By 77th street I realized that I wouldn't be able to cross the avenue in this stream of traffic, and when I reached 76th Street I pulled over to the curb and waited for the light to change. After it did I rode across, dismounted and locked up the bike. SƆraightening up from the stooped position I assume when attempting to lock up my vehicle, I sauntered into the bakery (Grossingers, since 1932) (did I mention I was wearing my dark glasses? I guess I didn't, well, anyway, sauntering is a good way of describing how I entered the bakery) there was only one other customer, but no sales people. I waited. I kept waiting. Finally Mr. Grossinger (the second generation, a former stockbroker) came forth and asked me what I wanted. "How much are blueberry muffins?" was my reply. "Thirty-five cents each." was his answer. "Two please." In a white paper bag they went, along with a piece of tissue paper. I handed him two dimes and two quarters. Exit stage left.

SF Reviews

After a long stream of nothing but game reviews, I'm glad to say that this issue's column will consist mostly of book reviews. To preface my first review, I'll say that several of my fellow Diplomacy magazine publishers have been urging me to read this series, and now I wonder if their motives are deeper than they seemed...are they in fact party to the

ILLUMINATUS!, Part 1, The Eye in the Pyramid

Dell, \$1.50, 304 Pages, by Robert Shea and Robert

Anton Wilson. This is an interesting book. It is, in part, an attempt to explain most of the mysterious happenings in history as manifestations of a secret(?) conspiracy called variously "The Illuminated Seekers of Bavaria," and just plain "The Illuminatus." If you have any paranoid tendencies, or are easily led into believing in conspiracies, this book will either drive you mad, convince you, or just add fuel to your fires. But, talking to dolphins? A Yellow Submarine? John Dillinger, still alive in 1972? The Scion of a Boston Banking family as the head of the Mafia? I recommend this book very highly, but with some warnings: 1. it is not a linear story, it digresses frequently; 2. if you belong to the KKK, the Masons, the Federal Reserve System (unlikely, unless you are a bank), or a variety of other organizations you are likely to be offended by the accusations in this book (well, not really, if you can take a joke, you won't be, but a distressing fact about our society is some people's inability to take a joke) and 3. as the sf book club says if your idea of lurid sex is a Barbara Cartland novel, watch out. As the subtitle indicates, this is only the first book in a series, the other books are The Golden Apple and Leviathan, both from Dell and by the above people. To reiterate, I give a top rating to this book.

I joined the SF book club recently after calculating that I wouldn't spend more for books from them than I would if I bought the books as paperbacks. (the total, if I buy only \$1.98 books from them will be about \$12 for ten books. The first book I read upon receiving my order was

All My Sins Remembered, SF Book Club/St. Martins Press, ?, 182 Pages, Hardbound, by Joe Haldeman. This is basically a reprint collection (Galaxy '71, '74, Cosmos '77), just as was The Foundation Trilogy. It seems Haldeman rewrote the stuff for this collection, and he put in some connecting material as well. This is a very good book. There's social commentary, there's exotic aliens, and unusual cultures, why there is even a little bit of whodunit. Haldeman is an excellent writer of dialogue, and I could go on and on but what I want to say is that you should wait until it comes out in paperback and buy it. And in the meantime stay away from CIA, FBI, NSC FBN, KGB and other security agencies' recruiting offices.

Mirkheim, SF BC/Berkley, ?, 183 pages, Hardcover (I think it's already out in paperback, from Berkley) by Poul Anderson. The latest book in the Polteotechnic series. If you love the Polteotechnic series, you'll find this book interesting. The glorious days of David Falkyn's youth are over, and he's happily married, though not settled down. The discovery of a planet of super-heavy metals (elements 114-122) and the discovery that it has already been discovered and is producing sets several groups into conflict to gain control of this valuable resource: the Solar Commonwealth, several splinter groups of the now-disunified Polteotechnic League, the Duchy of Hermes, and a mysterious alien race, the Baburites. I didn't like the book as much as The Trouble Twisters or Satan's World, but it was still fun. I guess I wouldn't like Starship Troopers as much if I read it today for the

War of the Ring, SPI, 44 East 23rd St., NYC 10010, \$ 15. This is SPI's first attempt at simulating an already published work of fiction. On the whole it is a success. The game is enjoyable, with a good chance for either side to win. This may contradict your own conclusions or those of reviewers whose reviews you have read. The only problem with WotR is its rules. They were written four months after playtesting concluded. Here are a few clarifications:

Mithril Mail doesn't stop sorcery.

"Half Movement Allowance" means double terrain cost.

If Gothmog or the Lord of the Nazgûl is moving with a stack of army unit(s), the Dark Power Player pays the Shadow points to move the army alone, and not an additional two SP for the Nazgûl.

The Dark Power Player pays SP to move all stacks of army unit(s).

The Dark Power pays no SP to move its non-Nazgûl characters, namely: the Chief of the Dunlendings, the Mouth of Sauron, and Saruman.

Nazgûl may not move during the Movement Phase of the Dark Power Player-turn until Mordor is mobilized.

The Shadow Point cost of moving a stack of the Dark Power Player's army units is determined at the beginning of movement for that stack, and the stack may "drop off" units as it moves along. So a stack of 80 strength points that begins the turn in hex E0638 might move along the road north and drop 9 strength point stacks in hexes E0433, E0533, E0532, E0531, E0530, and E0529, and end in hex E0528, across the bridge from Minas Tirith with 26 strength points.

All of the above apply mainly to the two-player game, a revised three-player game has been printed in the latest moves. There is a good bit more of errata, I'm sure, but I don't know it.

As a concept, the idea of separating the rules for the Character and Army games duds out. It makes it difficult to look up things and causes more trouble than it saves.. One saving grace of the SPI countertray is that if you cut the partition between two of the compartments, the new big compartment accomodates the cards that go with WotR, but you'll have to cut two or three such compartments. Warning: buy the War of the Ring one game package, and not the three-game Middle Earth Package. If you want the folios, buy them as such. (The folios are Gondor and Sauron.)

AND NOW FOR THOSE OF YOU TO WHOM THIS REVIEW HAS BEEN INCOMPREHENSIBLE SO FAR:

The Lord of the Rings is a fantasy trilogy written by J.R.R. Tolkien, a professor at Oxford University, who died in 1973. Due to its tremendous popularity, the trilogy has been made into a game by Simulations Publications, Inc. The game consists of a set of rules; a set of cards describing characters, events, magical items, monsters, and other stuff; 400 cardboard counters representing troops and individual characters of heroic stature, and a map, representing the area in which Tolkien sets his fantasy, Middle-earth. If any of this information is a revelation to you, go out and buy a copy of the trilogy, which is available in Ballantine books paperbacks. READ IT! It is one of the masterpieces of modern literature. It is good versus evil, a well-worn, but still entertaining theme. The writing is beautiful, and capable of provoking deep emotions. Instead of the latest Harold Robbins or Leon Uris, or Graham Green (for that matter) if you haven't read The Lord of the Rings, go out now and do so.

A Letter

From Donald G. Wileman:

A short note to say various things (please pardon me, the Lexikon is back at University & this thing types like a truck) ((DGW's letter contains many aberrations of normal usage, which I have corrected (?))).

First of all how much I like Lilaf. You have a bright and original turn of mind, and you're also eclectic, you assimilate things well. Especially good are your little first person essays -- sort of your life as one long con report.

Gemignami Awards.

I love the awards, I am co-designer of Scheisskopf Diplomacy, a Gemignami Award winning deviant. However, I am also a friend of Peggy Gemignami's. She does not like the awards bearing her name, never gave Sacks her permission, and feels that they sort of stigmatize her...Please change the name of the awards, Please.

Next. I've been having a littel trouble with lilafs, I got #1 and #2 & then nothing until #7 arrived today. I thought you had folded. This is, alas, not unusual with mailings from Canada to the Free City of New York, something to do with it all being routed via Lichenstein...I had to send Bob Lipton somewhere between three and five copies of DFH before he actually GOT one...

I mention that to explain this: Because I hadn't heard much of you, I did not include Lilaf when I shifted to reciprocal subscriptions. Now I have folded DFH, alas, I am \$2000.00 in debt and Kasanof ran out of money. The games and some of the content are ebing transferred to Roger Oliver's Diplomatic Journal, as are people with sub credits. Being a straight trader, you have no sub credit. I guess you'll have to cut me, ~~as I am \$2~~ (said that already) I can't afford you, I am letting subs lapse. --Just been on the phone to my comptroller and he says you were never even on the books, I must have been mailing to you from the extra copies...which means you won't even get the transition issue of DJ ((you dirty guy!)). Sorry about that. I'll include a quarter, sometime in late July send me another ish. I may have money then.

Did you not forget to include the Gemignami awards ballot?

Now, different, other stuff. Slobbovia. All those nice things I said about you in the first paragraph are also the qualifications that would make you a wonderful member of the Slobinpolit Zhurnal, a game with a beautiful principle: press is king. If you want something to happen, you write about it often and convincingly enough that others accept it and it happens. At least in theory. I am myself alarmed at the materialistic trend it's now taking (more and more complicated supply rles, new kinds of units...) this is EVIL. I am hoping to stop and maybe reverse this trend by flooding the game with ~~my friends~~ people who have moxie and imagination. Give it some consideration won't you? Write Greg Costikyan and ask him for a copy of the issue he just printed. Tell him I sent you. If you decide to join I'll start you out with a province.

Be seeing you

Donald G. Wileman

P.S. Why would Case Geld be be astier than any other Nazi invasion or fictional wargame (e.g., Oil War)? Too close to home?

How can you run out of time at a phone booth.

the editor replies:

Last things first; I don't know how such things are done in Canada, but in most of the US, the phone company is a private monopoly, regulated by state and federal commissions. In New York State, the private monopoly is New York Telephone. They are regulated by the New York Public Service Commission. Every so often, NYT goes to the PSC asking for some rate increases, and every so often the PSC grants them. Now the phone company came to the PSC recently to up the cost of a call from a phone booth, and they were turned down, but the dime that a New Yorker puts into a phone entitles him (him in the sense of an indeterminate gender) to five minutes of conversation if the call is within the same area (areas are subdivisions of area codes). After five minutes the caller hears, "for an additional three minutes deposit five cents, thank you."

It is too close to home.

I am playing in Slobbovinpolit Zhurnal, but due to work commitments, I've produced four lines of Strakh to date. Due to the complexity of the game, I have chosen to own no provinces and to promise that I would immediately revolt if given one. I am playing Rasputin Dragomilov.

No, I haven't made up a ballot yet. I'm looking for nominations. The awards will be of the "silly" rather than of the "worst" variety. So, nominate the silliest zine, player, editor, game, press series, hobby organization, most unreliable ally and anything else you can think of. In this issue I may include a nominating ballot, which publishers should feel free to reproduce.

Oliver sent me a copy of DJ, and I agreed to trade. Since I give sub credit for contributions published in Lilaf, you now have a sub through issue 11. Canadian currency is difficult for me to spend here in New York. People tend to treat it with the same degree of scorn afforded to Polish zloties. (The occasion of getting Canadian coins in change is worthy of being called a rip-off.)

After sending you numbers one and two, I guess I didn't hear from you, so I stopped sending. The issues you did send me (or at least one of them) was a return.

As soon as I finish typing this, I will write a letter to Peggy Gemignani, asking her how she feels about the awards current name, and if she has any suggestions for a change, if she wants one.

Gee, gosh golly. (I kick my instep and blush.)

((If the rest of you people out there would send me some letters, you could save yourselves some money, as a letter will cost you perhaps twenty cents for all the materials involved, and will earn you a dollar a page sub credit. Press is counted as a contribution for these purposes.)

The reason that I have to type this line is that the paper manufacturers of the world cannot meet the market needs for variable-length paper. I wouldn't have to add this needless line if the paper could be made shorter by my wishing it to be.

PARANOIA

(This article is excerpted, in large part, from a phone conversation with R. Scott Smith, on the night of 14 March 1978.)

First, my stomach hurt all day with the growing fear that I am not going to get into either the University of Chicago or Wesleyan University. (Especially Chicago. Here's why: I was supposed to hear from them, one way or the other, by 9 April. By today, the fourteenth, no word. Likewise Scott Smith and another friend of mine, Edward Lay. Bruce Greenberg, another school-mate heard "yes" on Monday, and so did Robert Schwartz, although he heard Thursday. Analysis: Scott lives in 10029, Robert in 10025, I live in 10024, Bruce in a "0" first digit zip code, Ed in Westchester with a "1" zip. Even stranger, another individual, a Howard Kelman, whose residence is in Queens, another "1" first digit, was rejected. This adds up to nonsense. My head hurts.) Second, I am not satisfied with my game, Balacava, which SPI published today (which is my Aunt's birthday) (Happy Birthday) (she is a subscriber). This brings forth feelings of inferiority, inadequacy and other nastinesses. Still, Balacava has the most advance direct-mail orders of the four folios in the Quad (excuse me, SPI is no longer packaging the individual games from Quadrigames in folios, they're now packaged in plastic bags. (The bags are much less attractive. There was a plan to include a small coversheet in the plastic bag, but it seems the idea has been given up. It may be too much work for the Art department, or for Game Assembling (the "Back Room"), I dunno. I would have like to have seen individual coversheets.)). Readers of this magazine may soon see an expansion of Balacava in these pages. Third, as an erstwhile player in that most ridiculous of Diplomacy variants, Slobbovia, I had maintained an account with the APA which publishes it. As of my last issue, my account was at \$1.81, and now, they (meaning David Schwartz (no relation whatsoever to the Robert previously mentioned) and Ray Heuer) maintain that I have a negative balance, and did not give me a copy. Now, there's nothing particularly about having my issue delayed by a week or whatever, except, as you see, I'm looking at this in the light of a number of other paranoid delusions whose sum is (subjectively) quite considerable. Fourthly, my status at my job is (subjectively) unclear. I am currently (supposedly) working for Dave Werden on the Siege Super-pack games (Tyre, Acre, Sevastopol and Lille). The first two games are done, inasmuch as they have been handed in to the art department. The playtesting on Sevastopol is done; and Lille has not yet started. What is my role in the development of Lille? I'm not listed anywhere as the developer, Dave is. In the development of a "normal" SPI game, the designer sits down with the developer and plays the game which he has designed and discusses it. Changes are made, additional systems and embellishing (chrome) is added and sometimes parts of the system are simplified. Lille is an exception in many ways. The system is being lifted almost intact from Sevastopol, with the map and the counters the primary difference between the two games. Dave has not brought in a whole "Lille design" yet. We are currently in the process of rewriting the rules for Sevastopol, which in turn will lead to (after stripping off topical references and such) a basic set of rules for Lille. What do I want? To be given the job of Lille development. What else do I want? Dave's rewrite of the Sevastopol rules and his new ideas for Lille, in short, the Lille design. Will I get what I want? Tune in next time for the next episode of: "Will the Boy get into the College of his Choice with a copy of Slobbinpolit Zhurnal under his arm and a revised Balacava and the design for Lille?"

chic., ill.

It must be the rapid rate with which airport doors open that makes them difficult to heat, but I think they were skimping on fuel as well that night at O'Hare. I had just arrived from New York, via Trans World Airways, and was waiting in the baggage claim area for the luggage from my flight to be distributed among the shivering supplicants. It wasn't all that unpleasant, but the knowledge that hovered on the verge of consciousness was that if this was the interior temperature, what was the thermometer reading outside? With baggage carousels stretching away to the seeming horizon at infinity, but with all the TWA labeled ones at my end, I grew worried nonetheless and asked a TWA person where the baggage from my flight was. The luggage from that flight hasn't been unloaded yet, sir, he replied, in a pleasant voice (which must have been tough to maintain, as he was dressed in only a suit, with no overcoat). I sulked, waited and worried. I had been informed by Eric Ladenheim that a bus went to Hyde Park (the section of Chicago in which the University is located) at a certain regular interval. I found a listing of the times of that bus. I looked at a clock, and waited. Finally, the barrage of bags, the deluge of duffels, the convulsion of containers, the luggage arrived. Around and around it went, where it stopped, nobody knew. Without too much difficulty (surprising after all that wait) I secured my bag and left to hunt the fabled bus. Darkness had fallen.

First I went into one of the exits, laid my bags down and waited. This caused me anxiety, so I took bags in hand and struck out for colder parts, with a fear of missing the bus in my heart. I strode to the nearest busstop, clearly marked. Several chills later, a bus pulled in. It showed signs of stopping here at the ends of its airport rounds, before heading into the city. I asked the driver was this the bus to the University of Chicago, or to Hyde Park? No, it isn't mister, the bus to Hyde park is way down there, he said pointing in the direction whence I'd come. Thank you very much, I replied, and lugging my bags (who seemed to be accelerating to the limit of the speed of light so their apparent mass increased as well (according to the formula $m_a = m_r / (1 - (v/c)^2)$, where m_a is mass, apparent; m_r is mass measured at rest; v is velocity; and c is the speed of light.)) I retired in that direction. After perseverance I found the vehicle, the golden chariot, the swift sloop colored the yellow of America's school buses that would carry me to the University and (with hope in my pitiful brain) warmth. I was greeted by the driver, a black man in his twenties, who ushered me inside the van, and put my bags in the rear. Now, sitting down, I waited.

Inside, I sat alone on the middle seat of the van. The driver waited in his bucket seat behind the wheel, and each time someone came along to the van, to get in, he would go out, take the person's pages and help the person in. In this manner, a couple in their twenties, a young man in his twenties, and a young woman entered. At that point, the driver decided it was time to leave, so we left. We pulled away from the terminal, away from the artificial lighting surrounding it, and headed off, along the roadway towards the famed metropolis, Chicago. We drove along the road, which soon merged with a highway. Through the darkness punctuated with ruby, yellow, flashing, lashing. The signs were brilliant in the night sky. "Joe's Root Beer," and others of the same ilk. (I'm having some difficulty with the ribbon on this typewriter, as it doesn't have an automatic ribbon reverse.) We passed by a commuter railway station, all aglow, and made of chrome and plastic. We drove by the tracks for that railroad for a time, and we even passed a train that had stopped for some reason. I tried to recognize features I had seen from the air, but none were apparent. Buildings jutted up along the road, warehouses, manufacturing buildings. The signs gleamed in the darkness.

We got off the highway, and pulled into a shopping center, closed, as it was fairly late. We stopped, and a woman got off. We drove on, and I lost my sense of direction amidst the turns we made. We stopped twice more to let off passengers, then we arrived at the Center for Adult Education of the University of Chicago. I went inside. The lobby was large, with soft couches and chairs arrayed about it. There was a desk, set into the wall, with pigeonholes set into the wall behind it. I walked up to the desk and inquired as to the whereabouts of a telephone. A man, who I guessed was in his twenties, answered by pointing to an open doorway and saying "Right in there." I thanked him and went through the doorway. I called Eric Ladenheim, who responded quite quickly with a promise to set out at once, and to arrive in ten minutes. I sat down to wait.

In a small number of minutes I saw the familiar down parka. We spent a few moments in greetings, and soon our topic of conversation fell upon dinner. There was a restaurant in the building, but it seemed a little too fancy for either Eric or my budgets. Eric made a number of suggestions, and we decided to go off-campus to the fried chicken place. I thought I would leave my bags at the Center, but Eric suggested we take them along, so we did. Out again into the freezing night air, we headed away from the main part of the campus. We spoke as we walked, he telling me of a dasturdly thing he had done earlier: he was walking with a female friend of his who wears glasses. Just as they were about to enter his dormitory he breathed on her glasses. Now, in the extreme cold in which Chicago is enveloped in winter, this action has only one possible result: her glasses steamed up. Practically, it is too cold to use your bare hands and take out a handkerchief to wipe your glasses, so the poor girl had no other recourse but to be led by the hand inside.

We arrived at the fried chicken place after passing some pretty burnt-out buildings. (The neighborhood around the University of Chicago is called Hyde Park, but on the whole it is very sadly deteriorated. It looked about as bad as the worst pockets on Manhattan's Upper West Side.) In we went, and lo and behold, the menu was numbered. At this point my glasses were a little fogged up, and I hadn't changed my prescription in about a year. This resulted in my partial inability to read the menu. As I recall, Eric and I spoke at this point on the superiority of the holy beverage (Coca-Cola) and our distress at not finding it available here. The relative caloric superiority of Tab was also discussed, as well as the pleasant taste of 7-Up. We both ordered boxes of chicken (I cannot recall the exact sampling of which I partook, but I did order a corn on the cob as well. I believe I had a 7-Up to drink, a large (or jumbo or giant) one at that. We ate there, in one of the booths provided. We sat and talked about this and that, getting up once to ask for some napkins, as the food's primary characteristic was its greasiness. In time we both finished, and I picked up my things. We headed back to his room. Eric said that because the surrounding area was so badly deteriorated, campus security was very tight. He said that at any time a student could call up security and ask to be escorted. (In a related development, the President of New York University bemoaned New York's reputation as a crime-ridden rat-hole by saying that every time Johnny Carson makes a joke about New York NYU loses another applicant. It is to be noted that Johnny Carson doesn't make jokes about Chicago.) Eric wondered if it would be a fun thing to try. I dunno. We soon reached the Midway, a major cross-street that runs through the south part of the campus. Eric's dormitory, Burton-Judson Courts, is on the Midway. We walked up to the entrance, and through a door that opened on a sort of post-office-cum-checkout-desk. In we went and out again into the inner court. To a door we walked, and in, and then upstairs. Down a hall and we arrived at Eric's room. TO BE CONTINUED.

Speculum, Dave Kadlecsek, 833 Loring Avenue, Crockett, California 94525, eight issues for two dollars, sample copies are 13¢, not an SASE. Canadian funds are accepted at \$1.05 to US \$1. All other foreign subs must be in US funds. Airmail subs are 10/\$4, and overseas surface subs are 10/\$2. The gamefee is \$3 in addition to maintaining a sub, plus a \$1 deposit which is refunded if you don't get dropped for NMR'ing too much. There are openings in Scacchomacy (gamefee \$0), Swords and Sorcery Diplomacy, gamefee \$1.5. Dave is also the North American Variant Bank personified, and sells copies of variants at 5¢ per page plus postage. (Youngstown is 59¢. (It's dumb to write all of this out, since it's all on Spec's masthead anyway. Well, it fills space.)

Speculum is one of the first zines I started trading with (a natural consequence of meeting Dave at Gencon last year). Dave runs several games, with a few more variants running than regular games. There is usually a good bit to read as well, with the sort of information that I find most interesting; namely, what's going on with the publisher. Dave's reproduction, which used to be pretty poor, is now quite good. If you're a west coaster interested in variants, subscribe and play. Anyone else should subscribe.

PDL, Zirkast Ben Grossman, 323 Speakman, 3700 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19174. 8/\$2. (After May 19th, Ben will be back in Nyawk at: 29 East 9th Street, NYC 10003). Ben has just returned from a three month hiatus from dippy publishing (in the meantime he put out an issue of The Haven Herald, his FRP (fantasy, role-playing) zine, and an issue of Slobbinpolit Zhurnal, APA-Slobbovia, which is mentioned in the letters column this issue) with PDL no. 30. Ben has come through a great deal of self-searching to decide that he's gonna continue pubbing PDL. The remarkable thing about PDL is that Ben is offering ten issues of credit per page of contribution printed. A loc (letter of comment) is sufficient. In this policy Ben is continuing the customs of sf fandom, where one of the principle reasons for pubbing a zine is not to see Dippy games played, but to interact with others whose interests are similar to your own. Send Ben an SASE or some stamps (13¢) and see how your interests conflict. Then loc him. (As a note, Lilaf welcomes loc's.)

Just as a note, all the zines I have plugged these past two issues are worth enough of your hard-earned (hah! I know how you got that stuff! Oppressing the workers, selling them narcotics, booze, color tvs, Buick Electras, appeasing them in the vain hope of preventing the revolution! You will fail! The revolution is coming, and the only thing you accomplish is to put off the inevitable day of reckoning!)(Sorry, we're studying Marx in history.) cash (or electronic funds) for you to sub. If I plug zines that I don't like I'll say so.

Galileo, Vincent McCaffrey, 339 Newberry Street, Boston MA 02115 6/\$7.50, is a prozine, but it's the nicest prozine to start publishing in the past several years. The format is 8" x 11", like S&T or The New Yorker. The covers are usually quite spectacular, and they don't rub off. One interesting fact is that they are looking for interns. I quote, "Galileo Magazine is looking for people interested in publishing careers. Volunteers are need for paste-up, copy-editing, typesetting and a multitude of clerical tasks. We expect a commitment of at least three months, for a minimum of ten hours a week. This unique experience can be both valuable and personally satisfying, but you only get out of it what you put in, so think twice if you are interested. Write or call" the address above.

3 games

The Valinor Game

1977 HV

Winter 1901 GM: Me

(THIS IS A CORRECTION OF THE POSTCARD I SENT OUT. NEW SPRING 1902 DEADLINE IS 25 May 1978.)

ENGLAND(Bobker): B F Lvp, F Lon.
FRANCE(Melucci): B A Par.
GERMANY(Smith): B A Kie, A Mun.
ITALY(Rowland): B A Ven, F Nap.
TURKEY(Gibson): B A Ank.

PLAYERS MUST SEND ME THEIR PHONE NUMBERS! NMR's CAN BE PREVENTED IF I CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU.

congressmankochherememberedsuddenlyinaspeechyearsagowhenmarijuanawasillegal

The Trader

1977A Agx

Fall 1902

GM: me

A(Costikyan): F A s B F B - Sea, no such order
B(Grossman): F B s E F Sea
C(Neiger): NMR, has A C
D(Lipton): A D h
E(Hessel): F Sea c C A C - E, No such order

No centers changed hands, next season will be Spring '03. Moves due, 25 May
NOTE: According to my house rules, if no center changes hands for three years, the game is called a draw. Gentlemen, you have two moves.

The First Game

1977IB

Winter 1902

GM: T. P. Gould

AUSTRIA(Smith): Even, F Gre retreats to Albania
ENGLAND(Kahn): B F Lvp
GERMANY(Chesler): Nowhere to build.
ITALY(Gould): B F Nap

Spring 1903

AUSTRIA: F Alb-Adr, A Ser s A Bul, A Sil s RUS A Pru-Ber, A Bul H (r-otb)
ENGLAND: F Lvp-NAO, F Nwy-Bar, F Nth-Nwy, A Bel s GER A Ruh-Bur
FRANCE: F Mid-Eng, A Gas-Par, A Mar-Pie, A Bur H (r-Pic, Gas, Mar, otb),
A Bre H
GERMANY: F Swe-Bal, A Kie s F Ber, F Ber s F Swe-Bal, A Ruh-Bur, A Mun s
A Ruh-Bur
ITALY: F Ion s A Gre, F Aeg s TUR A Con-Bul, A Gre s TUR A Con-Bul, F Nap-
Tyrh
RUSSIA: F Bot-Stp (sc), A Pru-Ber, A Rum s AUS A Bul, F Sev H, A Ukr s F Sev
TURKEY: A Con-Bul, A Arm-Sev, F Bla s A Con-Bul

FALL 1903 DEADLINE IS 25 MAY, 1978.

everywheresaid something about washingtonshemporop what was it yes it was about the ent

Just to remind you: I have openings in Conquistador, En Garde, Diplomacy, and The Trader (the last is open only to traders).

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CREDITS: Thanks go this issue to among others, Scott Smith, for giving me the impetus to write a page on my own insecurities; Don Wileman, for his kind comments on this magazine; Ben Grossman's acquaintance who may yet provide a van for us in time for the Worldcon; Eric Goldberg (in reverse) for giving me a ridiculously large bill, when I closed out my checking account; Central Savings, for having the spiffiest lobby of any bank in New York City; for Scott Smith and Tom Hamilton for lending me wherewithal when I need it; for Eugene T. Maleska, and I still can't do

the damn things; for Faye Spectre, who has been so polite through the whole thing; for the garbagemen of New York, without whom the City would be a different place.

whenindisgracewithfortuneandmenseyesiallalonebeweepmyoutcaststateandtroubled deafheavenwith

I'm looking for a group of people to share a ride with out to the Science Fiction World-con over labor-day weekend, the con is in Phoenix and I need people to share the ride in order to bring costs within reason. That is to be the major expenditure of my summer.

This is being typed on an IBM Standard model, which is about the most ridiculous typewriter there is. It is bulky, heavy, but it types like a dream, except sometimes it's more like a nightmare. You may have noticed that many of the keys are not striking well. I don't see why the people who bought it bought it, as this is a major inconvenience. In addition, this machine costs about as much as a Selectric, which I think is an infinitely better typewriter. If I had the cash, I'd get a selectric. This paragraph is getting inane so I'll end it.

tomorrowandtomorrowandtomorrowcreepsinthispettypacefromdaytodayandallouryesterdayshavelig

Thomas Philip Gould
40 West 77th Street
New York City, New York 10024
The United States of America
A great deal later than the
France of Cyrano's day.

SUB?

Your sub+credit runs out
Your sub has run out! Send more money
Your are trading
You are playing in a game
You are signed up for a game
Life is like a fountain
Send more money!
Write something for me!

Postman, deliver this to: **Craig A. Reyes**
16 W. 761 White
Pines Road
Bensenville, Ill. 60106

first class mail first class mail first class mail first class mail first
class mail, first class mail, first class mail first class male first class m